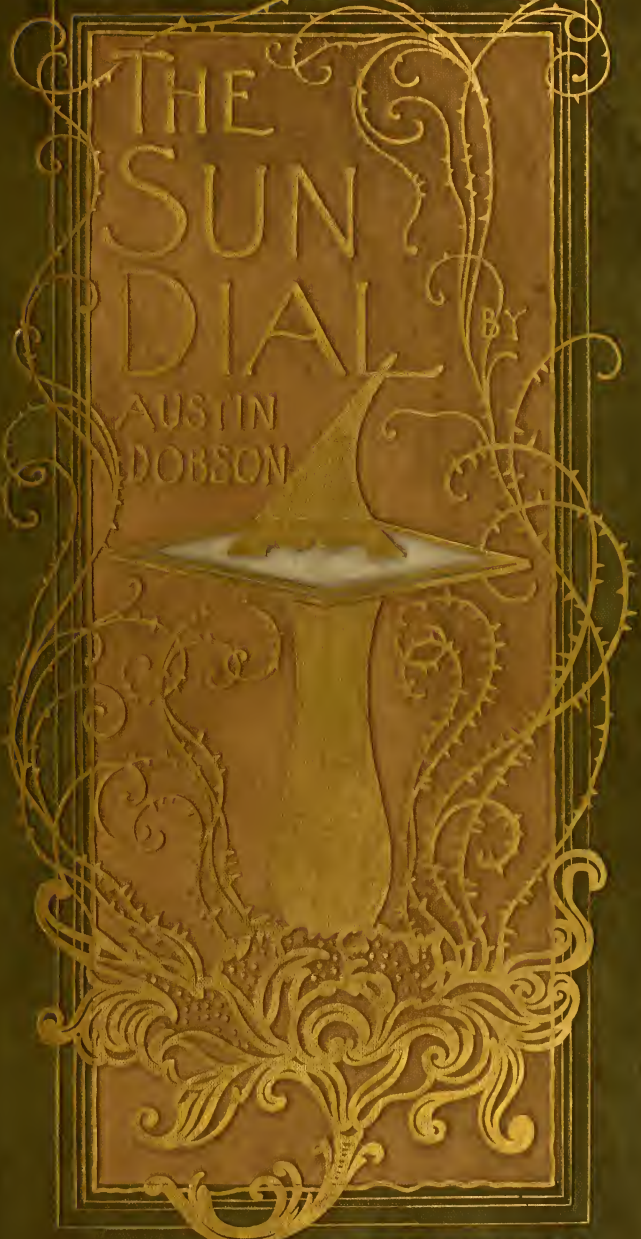
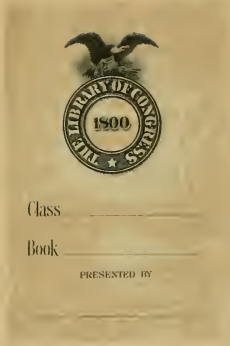
THE SUN DIAL

BY

AUSTIN DOBSON



WITH DRAWINGS & DECORATIONS BY
GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS



Class _____

Book _____

PRESENTED BY

_____

THE SUN DIAL

A POEM

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

WITH DRAWINGS & DECORATIONS

by

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

1890

NEW YORK: DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

PR
4686
S9
1870

Gift
Miss Annie May Hegeman
Nov. 5,1937

Copyright, 1800, by Dodd, Mead & Company.

To

Austin Dobson I dedicate
these Drawings as a
slight tribute to his
genius -

Clarence Alston Edwards.

Plainfield N.J.
May 15th
1890.

THE SUN
DIAL

Page 1, Title page.

" 4, Copyright.

" 5, Dedication.

" 7, Half title.

" 9, List of Drawings and Decorations.

" 13, The Sun Dial.

" 16, "Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain."

" 17, Head Band.

Page 21, "Here would the ringdoves linger."

" 25, "Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone."

" 29, "And spied the tiny letter in the nook."

" 33, "The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed."

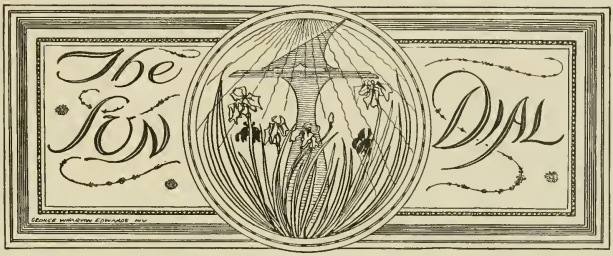
" 37, "Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow."

" 41, "Took out the note;—held it as one who feared
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall."

" 45, "And sauntered past, singing a roundelay."

" 47, Finis.

" 49, Tail Piece.



This is an old dial, dark with many a stain;
In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom,
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,
And white in winter like a marble tomb;

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow
Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row:

I am a Shade: a Shadowe too arte thou:
I marke the Time: saye, Gossip, dost thou soe?

Here would the ringdoves linger, head to head;
And here the snail a silver course would run,
Beating old Time; and here the peacock spread
His gold-green glory, shutting out the sun.

The tardy shade moved forward to the noon;
Betwixt the paths a dainty Beauty stept,
That swung a flower, and, smiling, hummed a tune,—
Before whose feet a barking spaniel leapt.

GEORGE W. BARTON PHOTO

O'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed;
About her tendril-curls the sunlight shone;
And round her train the tiger-lilies swayed,
Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone.

She leaned upon the slab a little while,
Then drew a jewelled pencil from her zone,
Scribbled a something with a frolic smile,
Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone.

The shade slipped on, no swifter than the snail;
There came a second lady to the place,
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wan and pale—
An inner beauty shining from her face.

She, as if listless with a lonely love,
Straying among the alleys with a book,—
Herrick or Herbert,—watched the circling dove,
And spied the tiny letter in the nook.

Then, like to one who confirmation found
Of some dread secret half-accounted true,—
Who knew what hands and hearts the letter bound,
And argued loving commerce 'twixt the two,

She bent her fair young forehead on the stone;
The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head;
And 'twixt her taper-fingers pearled and shone
The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.

The shade slipped onward to the falling gloom;
There came a soldier gallant in her stead,
Swinging a beaver with a swaling plume,
A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head;

Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow,
Scar-seamed a little, as the women love;
So kindly fronted that you marvelled how
The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove;

Who switched at Psyche plunging in
the sun;
Uncrowned three lilies with a back-
ward swinge;
And standing somewhat widely, like
to one
More used to "Boot and Saddle" than to cringe

As courtiers do, but gentleman withal,
Took out the note;—held it as one
who feared
The fragile thing he held would slip
and fall;
Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard;

GEORGE WATSON BARNARD

Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his breast;
Laughed softly in a flattered happy way,
Arranged the broidered baldrick on his chest,
And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.

. . . . . .

The shade crept forward through the dying glow;
There came no more nor dame nor cavalier;
But for a little time the brass will show
A small gray spot—the record of a tear.

Ibis
GEORGE WILLOUGHBY EDWARDS

·I·AM·A·SHADE·A·
SHADOW·TOO·ART·
·I·AM·

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 456 693 2